

# THE BREATH OF THE MOUNTAINS

BEVERLY DORAN



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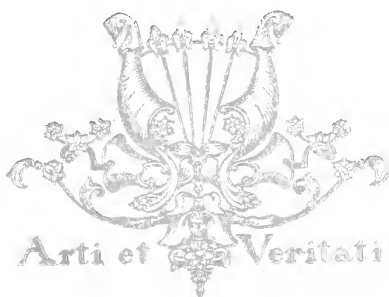




# The Breath of the Mountains

*By*

*BEVERLEY DORAN*



*Boston*

*THE POET LORE COMPANY*

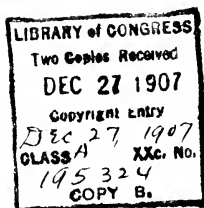
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## THE BREATH OF THE MOUNTAINS



## THE BREATH OF THE MOUNTAINS

The sunset pales beyond the hills  
    To violet and gray,  
And with a tender twilight fills  
The valley with its daffodils,  
Its herded flocks and drowsy mills  
    And faintly scented hay.

Far up the wooded mountain height  
    A chilly breath is born.  
An evening breath — serene and light  
That whispers to the summer night  
A cooling message of delight —  
    Then wanders on till morn.

## LINES ON LEONARDO DA VINCI

Like a river rolling onward  
In four swiftly flowing branches,—  
Was his genius—rich and varied  
His stupendous gifts and powers  
Which found utterance and expression  
In his painting and his sculpture,  
In mechanical invention,  
In his architectural science.—  
Everything he wrought at prospered,—  
Clear and true his sweep of vision.  
And the people called him “Master,”—  
Kings and peasants loved and wondered  
At his full and splendid knowledge.—  
While in humbleness of spirit  
He who knew the high perfection  
Of the inner aspiration—  
Never reached his soul’s desire,  
Never gave the outward picture  
Of those heavenly ideals  
Resting there within his nature  
As the full moon’s clear reflection  
Rests upon a mighty river—  
Sinks within it deep and deeper  
Until all its waves turn silver—  
Seem a glistening path of moonlight  
Filled and brimming with its glory.

So Da Vinci saw the visions,  
Drew the God-illuminated forces  
Round about him like a garment  
Till his dreams grew high and higher.  
What he did but seemed the presage  
Of those better things he dreamed of.  
Thus he filled his wondrous mission  
And passed onward gravely eager  
For the lifting of life's curtain  
On a universe of splendor.

## DA VINCI'S "LAST SUPPER"

Behold the face and attitude of Christ!  
Never before has artist breathed such strength  
Into this vast and unattained ideal.  
See the benignant brow—its lofty breadth  
Expressing the unearthly power within.  
And then the somber eyes and drooping lids  
So full of patience and of weary love!  
No beauty in the face belittles it.  
The mouth is almost bitter in its curve,  
As tho' Christ felt His spirit's loneliness.  
Yet all the form in brooding tenderness  
Leans, as it were, above the startled Twelve  
Who hear Him tell of that black coming deed  
Which stained a world in perfidy and guilt.

Only the dark-browed Judas understands  
He seems affrighted that the Christ knows all.  
The others show their deepening distress,—  
John sinks in terror from the coming woe,  
Peter, in haste, is whispering in his ear,  
While James the Greater starts aback in  
shame,  
And Thomas springs toward Judas for  
revenge.



Philip alone is filled with heavenly love  
For Jesus — whose eyes — yearning — turn to  
him

At this rare touch of fullest sympathy.  
The others show belief or unbelief.  
The simple room—with windows looking out  
Towards fair Jerusalem beyond the hills  
Complete and round this pictured tragedy.

### SONNET TO LEONARDO DA VINCI

Mighty spirit of a mighty past  
Where, in the onward sweep of life, art thou?  
And thro' whatever broadening currents now  
Are all the powers of thy genius cast  
In full and joyous plenitude at last!  
Only a perfect Being can endow  
Mankind within that little arch of brow  
With attributes so mystical and vast.  
I wonder whether now, from out some height,  
Thy brooding memory dwells on earth again  
And sees thy works and knows their changeless  
right  
To utmost reverence on our human plane.  
So may thy past and present both unite  
To show thee all thy genius shall attain.

## VALLOMBROSA

### *Sunset*

Look far down the valley yonder  
And beyond, to where the slopes  
Of the purple Apennines  
Rise majestic, range on range  
Towards the sunset. See the trees  
Standing clear against the sky;  
The deep orange light revealing  
Every branch of those tall pines  
That, like sentries of the mountains,  
Stilly watch across vast spaces.  
Wild ravines and ragged rocks  
Lie between—and the hills  
Folded soft in misty outlines  
Seem asleep.

## *Early Morning*

From the near monastery tower  
A bell rings out the hour of three.  
The summer night has gently sped,  
And soft bird-notes rise sleepily  
From out the forest near at hand;  
While woodsmen take their early way  
To work upon some lower land,  
Reached when the valley wakes today.

Along the mountainous outlines  
A pearly light begins to creep,  
And night winds sighing through the pines  
Arouse the forest from its sleep.  
Yet all the sky is filled with stars,  
Planets and satellites in train,  
And on beyond the fiery Mars  
Still other shining planets reign  
In royal orbits of their own  
With depths on depths of space between,  
Each sweeping in its path alone  
To some one distant goal unseen.  
Towards Vallombrosan solitudes  
These planets bend in still delight,  
And send their trailing glories down  
To rest upon this mountain height.

## AN EPISODE

Across the shoulder of yon green hill  
Two lovers rode thro' a summer noon.  
Their horses' hoof-beats seeming to fill  
The clear-cut measure of a tune.  
And the strain on saddle, girth and rein  
Of yielding leather marked the time  
As pacing slowly on, they gain  
The crest of the hill and that view sublime.

He was a man of vigorous life,  
Well-knit, well-poised, alert and strong  
With mind and body not at strife  
But matched, as the words of a noble song  
Are matched to the harmony's rise and fall.  
So he—as he watched the distant view,  
Seemed, in a way, a part of it all —  
A creature living thro' and thro.'

And she was a woman whose springs arose  
Like a mountain stream from cloud-capped heights  
Where dwelt 'mid everlasting snows  
The lonely vestal who trimmed the lights.  
A warmth and beauty of form and face  
Revealed yet hid this inner power  
And made her a temple of womanly grace  
A strength and joy for earth's fullest hour.

And this was the hour in both their lives  
When earth and heaven seemed fused in one  
And every word thro' life survives  
The wildest storm—or blazing sun.  
They turned and for a moment's space  
They loved beyond the power of speech.  
Depths calling from each human face  
To inner depths no word could reach.

Then slowly pacing thro' the wood  
Retraced their path in light and shade;  
While Nature—watching—understood  
Her love-thrilled children—man and maid  
And cast a glamour on hill and dale,  
And breathed a breath of ecstasy,  
Enfolding them as in a veil,  
A sacred veil of mystery.

## A SONG

Oh, wind of April  
Bear me aloft  
To yonder sky  
Until I see the world grow small,  
A turning, whirling, vanishing ball!  
Then I, then I shall be free from it all —  
And breathe anew  
In the deepening blue  
A breath of rare delight  
As I gain that stellar height.  
So bear me aloft  
Oh, wind of April  
Pure and soft!

Oh, wind of April  
Hear my sigh,  
Give me cheer,  
Come silently near,  
And sweep me singing up to the stars,  
Jupiter, Venus and fiery Mars!  
Then I, then I shall cross the bars  
Of living light  
So fiercely bright  
And see with mortal eyes  
The wonders of the skies.  
So hear my sigh,  
Oh, wind of April  
Make reply!

Oh, wind of April  
Give me rest  
Within thy arms  
From all alarms!  
So, like a tired, storm-tossed bird  
I'm listening for thy whispered word.  
Then I, then I—when I have heard  
Will swing me free  
Far out to sea,  
And on my wind-swept throne  
Shall drift from zone to zone.  
So give me rest  
Oh, wind of April  
On thy breast!

## KUNDRY

A desert wind sweeps round her as she comes  
From her lone, distant quest in Arabia.  
And ever that same desert loneliness,  
That strange aloofness seems to follow her  
Thro' all her tragic passion for the good,  
And all her wild abandonment to wrong.  
She lives the lonely one—misunderstood—  
Despised—tormented—but the one who serves  
And, at the last, the one who rises near  
To perfect service—selfless, patient, true,  
For she, indeed, received naught from the  
    knights,  
Save in that searching moment of despair  
When to her dimming eyes the sign of grace  
Was granted as she lay in final peace.

## TO A MOUNTAIN BROOK

Thou cheery singer of the mountain glens,  
Thou softest babbler to the ancient wood,  
Where all the velvet-footed denizens  
    Feel a still joy within thy neighborhood,  
    As if thy blithesome voice was understood.  
Thy quiet pools hold dreams of peace and rest,  
Thy glancing ripples look as tho' they could  
In sudden fancy speak a merry jest  
And make thy sylvan spirit manifest.



## MATERNAL LOVE

Up to the realm of human life  
A mighty instinct holds its way,  
Deepening fiercely step by step  
From worm and fish to beast of prey.

Till reaching past the blind demand,  
It suns itself in woman's eyes  
And grows to consciousness at last,  
A dawning power deep and wise.

This splendid fire of mother love  
Uplifts to slay and slays to live.  
A selfless hunger—keen and sweet,  
An inward, urgent need to give—

To give of patience, time and strength,  
To give of actions small and great,  
To give of soul's inspiring force,  
To give, in order to create.—

'Tis mother love that year by year  
Awakes the soul, subdues the beast,  
Unveils each trembling joy of earth  
And lives forever God's high priest.

The poise of body, mind and soul  
Can soonest come thro' simplest ways.  
Instruct the mothers of our race,  
Waste not the time in weak delays.

For every gift we give to them  
    Their lives will tender rich return.  
The best on earth is none too good  
    As incense at their shrine to burn.

At last maternal love shall speak  
    With freedom—and in loftier guise;—  
Humanity spring toward the goal  
    With light of triumph in its eyes.

## A SONG OF THE SEA

Oh, give me thy pearls  
    And thy beryl green  
Under thy swirls  
    Of glistening sheen!

And give me thy grace  
    And charm so fine,  
Thy sea-foam of lace,  
    Thy melting sky line,

Thy fragile green reefs  
    And red coral isles,  
Thy crag bas-reliefs  
    And thy measureless miles!

## THE AMERICAN WOMAN

High on the rim of the world she stands  
Looking out towards a future day,  
Which slowly brightens and expands  
As earth and earth's unlightened lands  
Swing forward along their spiral way.

This is the daughter of all the past  
Who holds as a gift the keys of fate,  
Who will lead the way thro' doors at last  
To human temples new and vast  
Which only she may consecrate.

## MUSIC — AN ODE

When, in the Eden world,  
A gate was closed against the pair,  
And angel hands wheeled to and fro  
A fateful, flaming sword—  
In the dread silence of the outer night  
A rhythmic cadence grew and filled the void,  
A blossoming into sound, serene and clear  
Of woods, and stars and planets: and the winds  
Became their messengers about the world  
And drew a mighty diapason  
Over leagues of space, to die in  
Plaintive moaning at lone Eden's gate.  
Thus were the pair born into Music's realm.

The forces of the world still sing their myriad  
songs  
Since those first children thrilled and dim of  
soul  
Listened to Nature's wildest orchestra  
Which swept about their wanderings  
Among the dewy pathways of the early world.  
And evermore this rhythmic realm  
Can fill us with immortal yearnings,—  
Transporting us by mystic power  
To fiery planets or cathedral woods,  
Or the wild clamor and seductive grace  
Of all earth's boundless seas.  
From out these elements of sound  
Man has created all his harmonies.

A Bach can give us whisperings of the sea;  
Its lightly rippling, many-crested waves,  
Its thunderous depths rolling in organ tones  
To die in solemn surges on the beach.  
Or Handel sing the songs the planets teach,  
A starry, radiant world, all pulsing  
With hymns of praise and prayer.  
While great Beethoven, ere we are aware  
Draws us within the shadows of the wood  
And makes us hear its hum of teeming life.  
The music of the pine sings thro' his soul,  
The oak has bent in stately plaint for him,  
Each tree has its own woodland motive sung,  
And even nesting birds and violets dim  
Awake within the circle of his art.  
A Wagner sweeps a mountain chant,  
And all the world which, seemingly, was dull  
To trumpet blast, responds from silent depths  
To harmonies half human—half divine.

    All cosmic sound  
Has found it's echoed duplicate  
In human music drawn from human souls.  
For every aspiration of the race  
And every dream of perfect harmony  
Is mirrored in this plastic realm of tone.  
The union of the earth and highest heaven  
Reveals itself in music as a flame  
Which touches every race beneath the sun,  
And lo! The gate of Eden is unlocked.  
Each spirit enters into rest.  
Is understood—and gladly understands.

## DESCENT

### I

#### *Veronese*

Beauty was visioned to his mind in regal state,  
And he, her servitor, spent all his mounting  
wealth

Of genius on those fair and stately works of art  
Which, in design and color, splendid line and  
form

Excel that elder school of Venice from whose  
stem

This art exotic grew. Behold his canvases—  
What shade on shade of melting color holds the  
eye.

What true and clean-cut lines swept by a master  
craft!

The grouping of the sumptuous figures all re-  
veal

A clear and steadfast method — a consummate  
art

A pagan love for all the outward shows of things,  
No tender subtleties, no shadows where the soul  
May rest in dim and high obscurity and prayer,  
But only earthly beauty — vibrant and  
supreme.

## II

### *Rubens*

A man of Flemish mind  
Who painted all the folk he knew  
In gorgeous robes of brown and blue,  
And ever as he painted grew  
To understand his kind.

His burghers richly dresst,  
Their comely wives and daughters fair  
And children with their shining hair  
All proudly conscious that they wear  
Their finest and their best.

And at his highest reach  
In those great pictures where his heart  
Seems quick to prompt his fullest art  
He still remains in thought a part  
Of Flanders' life and speech.

Always the outward show  
The full demand of touch and sight  
The local color clear and bright,  
In Flemish pride and Flemish might  
His pictures are aglow.

Along a lower grade  
Below those keen Venetian schools  
Where he had learned his artist rules  
And grown a master of his tools  
His lines of work were laid.

No tenderness is here,  
No sympathy for human pain,  
No joys above an earthly plane,  
No deeper wisdom of the brain,  
No reverence or fear.

### III

#### *The French School of Realism*

From Veronese's stately grace  
From Rubens' strong and forceful place  
Descend  
Oh, friend,  
And on the modern school of France  
Uprisen from her dreamless trance  
Attend.

We see her turn from rule and chart,  
We see that quick, impulsive start  
To stray  
Away  
To pastures red and pastures blue  
To sift creation thro' and thro'  
In play.



She likes the outward look of life,  
The gay unrest—the noise—the strife,  
    The haste  
    And waste  
Of shallow heart and shallow brain  
With all life's sweetness in their train  
    Debased.

She likes the ugly and the strange  
Beyond convention's utmost range,  
    Her eyes  
    Are wise  
And very quick to gather in  
All new and glittering forms of sin  
    That rise.

Her masters were those artists old  
Who half-truths always keenly told,  
    And so  
    Below  
Comes filtering down in low estate  
This soulless one to meet her fate  
    Of woe.

She is not free—she is not bound—  
But gropes all blindly on the ground,  
    The past  
    Has cast  
An evil charm about her feet  
And draws her on, her doom to meet  
    At last.

## GIBRALTAR

A rock in the sea  
Rising sheer from its base  
To the mist floating free  
Across its dark face.

The summit all bare  
Save a strange purple haze  
Like a veil clinging there  
To this ancient of days.

At the back towards the bay  
Lies the white, sheltered town,  
While above the salt spray  
The black cannon frown.

From a tropical garden  
Sweet hedges and bowers  
Fling perfumes of Eden  
To where the fort towers;

Which, sleepless and silent,  
Stands ever on guard,  
A giant unspent,  
Grim, unbending and hard.

England's keen living race  
With its dominant mind  
Treads the town face to face  
With the halt and the blind.

The Spaniard and Moor,  
And the men of the plain,  
Are the feeble and poor  
With life on the wane.

Yet they may be renewed,  
They already look up,  
For the strong Saxon brood  
Are holding life's cup.

And the warrior rock  
By o'ermastering fate  
Holds the key to the lock  
Of the Eastern gate.

## TWO PICTURES

### I

Along the silent pathways of the forest blow  
The winter winds, and falls the pure untrodden  
    snow  
In whirling veils about the hemlocks and the  
    pines  
And all the stately guardians of those sylvan  
    shrines  
From which arise a worship free and undefiled.  
The flashing forest stream lies still and reconciled  
    Beneath its cloak of ice; and on its margin  
    bends  
A wealth of flower and fern on which the snow  
    descends,  
And moulds each outline in a glistening coat of  
    mail,  
While spears and fairy swords in marvelous  
    detail  
Equip these faithful sentries of the sleeping  
    stream.  
A close and tender silence seems to reign  
    supreme,  
A breathing pause in Nature's sacred liturgy,  
While through the forest sweeps a brooding  
    mystery.

## II

Within a cradle lies a rosy, sleeping child.  
A breathing wonder floated from the outer wild  
To our fair shores of earth, and moulded to this  
    form  
Of beauty (as a snow flake in the winter's storm)  
At Nature's high behest. While in that childish  
    mind  
Rest latent powers, that fetterless and uncon-  
    fined,  
May wing our star-illuminated universe at length  
With high and boundless stores of free and fear-  
    less strength.  
That tender form of childhood like a perfect  
    flower  
Awaits in seeming helplessness the fateful hour  
When, as the wind that bloweth from a region  
    high  
Down to our warmly sheltered, cloud encom-  
    passed sky,  
That sleeping mind awakes within its fragile  
    shrine,  
And lo! the flower of life is touched with breath  
    divine.

## A PRESENCE IN THE ROOM

A presence in the room,  
A feeling keen and sweet  
That some belovèd friend  
Beyond time's loom  
Had come my soul to greet.

Have you not felt the same?  
One moment quite alone  
Close locked within earth's bounds,  
The next — a name  
Or a remembered tone

Will quicken all the mind  
Till — for a moment's space  
A silent, living shade  
Serene and kind  
We almost seem to face.

Oh word beyond our speech!  
Oh sense so nearly sight  
When can mortality  
The secret reach  
And gain this spirit height.

## PRIMAL FORCE

Primal matter or force  
    Primal atom or wave  
Whirling along in thy course  
    Without a birth or a grave.

Open our eyes to see  
    Open our ears to hear  
One sweep of thy harmony,  
    One flash from thy higher sphere.

Behold all thy boundless might  
    Unwearied thro' eons of time  
Steadily building in light  
    A pulsating pathway sublime.

The drift of all science is clear —  
    It tends towards the fountains of life  
It puts by all cowardly fear,  
    It goes beyond regions of strive.

And the universe silently lies  
    Enwrapped in colossal law,  
Pliant — invincible — wise,  
    Without one blot or flaw.

## SONNET ON ROBERT BROWNING

“Wander at will  
Day after day,  
Wander away  
Wandering still,—  
Soul that canst soar!  
Body may slumber  
Body may cumber  
Soul-flight no more.”

*From Pisgah Sights*

His spirit like a clear and restless flame  
Swept up and down thro' life's strange, devious  
ways,  
Lighting all dark abodes as with a blaze  
Of inner fire. And always with one aim  
One fierce, half-conscious thirsting for the good  
In all the world! To draw it to the light.  
To lift it up with superhuman might  
Until men felt — and saw and understood  
The fullest meaning of the highest love.  
This seemed the heart of everything he wrote,  
This was the goal his truest instincts sought,  
To lift us by all human paths above  
Our feeble fears and doubtings — till we float  
To his high level of enfranchised thought.



## A SAILOR'S SONG OF THE TROPICS

Here let us always stay  
Thro' langorous night and day  
Under the tropic shade  
Of some palmetto glade  
Between whose branches gleam afar  
The sands of Malabar.

The line of ocean seems  
A silver web of dreams  
Beyond the shimmering sands  
Which ring these southern lands.  
While nature in her balmy sleep  
Woos us with magic deep.

Oh! when afar we sail  
Before a northern gale  
May visions of this shore  
Return to us once more  
And lustrous eyes in beauty glow  
And voices murmur low.

And thro' the icy blast  
Fair pictures from the past  
Blot out the winter's storm,  
While perfumed breezes warm  
Arise and bear us drifting free  
Across a summer sea.

## THE LAW OF RENEWAL

Out of our deepest weariness and pain,  
Our bitter disillusion and despair,  
Slowly, with dulled and clouded brain,  
We issue from the turmoil and the glare,  
Crying aloud in misery of soul  
For mother-earth to make us sane and whole.  
Then, thro' the silences of night  
And fine renewals of the patient days  
Our turbulence of suffering drops from sight,  
Borne down that river which, in hidden ways,  
Freshens the rootings of our trees of life  
And flings its tides across our wildest strife.  
Behold! The radiant seasons, circling change  
Draws us along the spiral labyrinth.  
Familiar — yet forever new and strange —  
Each violet and every hyacinth  
That yearly wakes and blooms upon the earth  
Heralds within our souls a mystic birth.  
The world of nature stirs the world of mind,  
And, as our natures struggle towards a height  
With self-same instinct as the plants that find  
Their blind tenacious way from dark to light,  
So, in our deepest thought, the path is found  
Which leads us on and up to sacred ground.

## A SPRING PROPHECY

As spring lifts the drooping vine  
And reddens the maple buds,  
As the rising sap of the pine  
Whispers to sleeping floods,  
Awake!  
Awake from your marsh beds cool  
Awake and rule.—

So — out of the dawning light  
Of this wonder-working age,  
In growing instinct of might  
Is waking a prophet — a sage.  
“All hail!”  
“All hail!” he calls to the earth —  
“Hail and new birth.”—

And over the land is blown  
The breath of a great desire.  
A seed of power is sown  
In pentecostal fire.  
Arise,  
Arise and break the strain  
'Twixt heart and brain.

A humming electric stir  
Comes into the ways of life —  
Portentous messenger  
Of a new and subtler strife.  
Behold!  
Behold the leaders rise  
Alert and wise.

The restless human will  
And the slumbering human heart  
Are roused from a slumber chill  
And wake to a nobler part.  
Rejoice!  
Rejoice humanity  
For thou art free!

Free from that lowest past  
Where the trail of the beast of prey  
Lies like a shadow vast  
Over the fairest day.  
Speed on,  
Speed on to thy high place,  
O human race,

Free from theology's band  
Which holds and cramps the brain  
And free to understand  
To struggle and attain.  
Aroused —  
Aroused at last to see  
Life's dignity.

As spring lifts the drooping vine  
And wakens the earth from sleep,  
So currents of strength divine  
Around earth's children sweep —  
At last —  
At last the soul uplifts the veil —  
Hail — all hail.

## THE SILENT LAND

*(From a Picture)*

Here is a glimpse of the silent land  
Where the fleet wild creatures hunt and hide  
And the cautious moose with antlers wide  
Along the shallows stand,

While fallow deer like shadows pass  
Between the boles of the forest trees  
And only the sigh of the wandering breeze  
Stirs the tall marsh grass.

## AN UNMANNED BOAT

I saw from my window today  
A drifting, sinking boat,  
Without guide — without oars or sail  
To save it in storm and gale,—  
The loneliest thing afloat.

Perhaps on its far home-beach  
One morning the whispering sea  
Came gently against its side  
And spoke of the ocean wide  
With its foam-tossed, rippling glee.

Yet never a word was said  
Or ever a whisper breathed  
Of the hidden, desolate graves  
Under the sun-kissed waves  
With clinging sea-weed wreathed.

And naught of the nights and days  
When storm winds blowing high  
Would toss like a fragile shell  
On the billows' mighty swell  
This plaything of sea and sky!

All wearily now it glides  
Towards the far horizon's rim!  
Almost human it seems  
Slow drifting on in dreams  
While filling to the brim!

## A LULLABY

Where is the bobolink  
    Singing — singing  
Where is the bumble-bee  
    Buzzing  
Where is the katydid  
    Roaming, roaming  
Far from the fire-flies  
Far from my baby's eyes,  
    Hid in the purple dark  
    Gloaming, gloaming  
Hid in the purple dark  
    Gloaming.

Sleep all the pretty things  
    Softly, softly  
Tucked in their leafy beds  
    Gently.  
Only the green frogs are  
    Croaking, croaking  
Under the willow's edge,  
Under the rocky ledge  
And the deep valley mist  
    Smoking, smoking  
And the deep valley mist  
    Smoking.

Close then your heavy eyes  
    Dear one, dear one,  
Rest in my loving arms  
    Safely,  
Whispers of pure delight,  
    Creeping, creepng  
Out from the pulsing air  
    Cherubs are waiting there  
Bringng sweet dreams to thee,  
    Sleeping, sleeping  
Bringing sweet dreams to thee,  
    Sleeping.



## A SONG CYCLE

### *Spring*

A whirl of wings in the apple boughs,  
A fine thread of green creeping over the fields  
And broadening swiftly as winter yields  
To the delicate whispers of earth and sky,  
A fringe — nothing more to the eye  
On hill-top against the wide stretch of the blue.  
A fringe of golden green, fragrant, delicious and  
    new,  
While afar, in the shadowy stillness of dawn  
The note of a bird, marvelous, subtle, and sweet  
Rises in space from a woody retreat.  
The murmurous stir of insect strife  
A budding warmth and life —  
All in a perfect harmony sing  
And proclaim in woods and fields and hills the  
    birth of Spring.

### *Summer*

A breath of the noontide heat  
Sifting down thro' the blossoming trees  
A humming of bees in the wheat,  
    And a perfume laden breeze.

And away to the east and the west  
And away to the south and the north  
Along the horizon's crest  
    The waves of heat stream forth.

### *Autumn*

Between the day and night —  
Within the darkening twilight hour  
We feel the life of tree and flower  
Sink slowly to an inner bower.  
Of silence and delight.

A sense of soft repose  
Leans towards us from the bronzing vine  
And purpling leaf, as from some shrine  
Where Autumn holds a sacred wine  
Prest from the summer rose.

### *Winter*

A feathery frost on the window pane  
And a world of snow beneath the moon  
As night resumes her regal reign.

I see the moonlight spreading far  
As the midnight hour draws to the full  
And its brilliance dims each lustrous star.

But hush! In the night the lonely calls  
Of some wild migratory bird  
Upon the silence strangely falls,

Then passes down the farthest hills  
Beyond all hearing — and again  
A stillness cold the midnight fills.

## AN OCEAN MEMORY

Deep in the hollows of the waves  
That toss their foam across the ship,  
Vast serpents seem to glide along  
In Titan strength  
And endless length,  
Then, sinking, seek those hidden caves  
Where nameless creatures slink and slip  
And tides run still and strong.

Here is the subtlest element,  
The primal cradle of mankind,  
Here, on this dark, unquiet breast  
Time's nurseling heard  
A whispered word  
And, stirring in slow discontent  
All dumbly groped in circles blind  
And onward — ever upward prest.

Thro' lengthening spirals high and higher  
Thro' eons, moving towards one hour  
At last in light and radiant form  
Rise from the sea  
Divinely free  
The winged creatures that aspire  
To live beyond the ocean's power  
To fly towards shore thro' wildest storm.

They reach the safety of the shore  
They rest upon some friendly land  
Which lifted arms of spreading green  
In welcome mild  
To this new child  
Who held all that would be the core  
Of what we feel and understand  
And what humanity shall mean.

And so we live to sail the deep!  
To span the seas in giant ships!  
So we, as the green waters glide  
In ripples light  
Pure, clear and bright  
Still feel an instinct strong as sleep  
Thrill thro' us to our finger-tips  
As runs in shore the rising tide.

And leaning towards the ocean foam  
We feel the early joys again  
Those echoes of dim merriment  
The sea folk knew  
Beneath yon blue.  
Oh! some sea-cave with crystal dome  
Held all our hearts' affection when  
We swam the sea in blind content.

So — drop below  
Swing to and fro,  
Here, there,  
Everywhere,  
Thro' rainbow sheen,  
Thro' the waters green  
Swiftly we pass  
By the tall sea grass,  
Afar to that goal  
Where there is no soul.

The spell! The spell?  
Nay, all is well,  
We are free at last  
From our earthly past.  
On ocean's bed  
Lie the blessèd dead.

## THE SWAN SONG OF AUTUMN

Down the long lines of forest trees  
Rich with their robe of autumn fire  
A plaintive murmur ran  
Broadening and deepening as it passed  
Athwart the glories of the oak  
And burnished brightness of the maple trees.  
The sighing of the woods it seemed,  
The soft lament of autumn still in leaf  
To that large, pulsing mother life  
Upon whose gentle breast  
The changing seasons wake  
And bloom and fade and sleep.

### *The Lament*

Farewell oh! life of earth  
Farewell oh! ardent sun  
Whose love drew towards their birth  
Our fair leaves one by one.

A long farewell to light  
To color, joy and grace,  
Down to the inmost night  
We gather face to face.

Over us lie the snows  
And the glistening frost and ice,  
While the winter tempest blows  
They hold us in a vise.

Yet we feel in the body of death  
A spirit of life arise  
Filled with diviner breath  
And boundless as the skies.

. . . . .

Thus thro' the ancient wood  
Crowned with the splendors of the autumn  
leaf  
This plaintive swan song  
Rose and fell in ever fainter echoes.

It seemed a wandering soul  
Had passed — so fleet  
Yet so august and somber  
Was the sound.

# THE WINDS ARE SCULPTORS OF THE CLOUDS

*(Written at St. Moritz, Switzerland)*

The winds are sculptors of the clouds  
And shape them to their swift designs;  
See yonder vessel with her shrouds  
Rising aloft in bold outlines.

Look at that giant lying there  
Against the rugged mountain's breast,  
His huge proportions grandly bare,  
His limbs composed as if in rest.

Now, lighted by the sinking sun  
A rosy group of children dance —  
And then in widening circles run  
Before an army's quick advance.

It sweeps across the darkening sky  
With banners floating to the breeze  
And on yon mountain far and high  
Frowns the grim fort they raze and seize.

What droops along the glacier's face  
In silver veils of trailing mist?  
Ah — now I see — it grows apace  
And changes to an amethyst.



Still changing by a touch — a turn —  
A crown is on the glacier's head  
And rows of regal rubies burn  
To grace this monarch of the dead.

They pale, they fade, they die away  
And other shapes drift into view  
A lion holds a stag at bay,  
Armed men with elephants pursue.

Great droves of oxen, flocks of birds,  
Long, writhing serpents fold on fold,  
And prairie buffalo in herds  
These master sculptors lightly mould.

That figure as it calmly stands  
Rivals the craft of Angelo,  
His "Moses" sits — this one commands  
The world with the gesture grand and slow.

There to the right an angel form  
Hovers above the snowy height,  
Then flies before the coming storm  
Which rolls its thunders to the night.

## WHAT IS A BROOK?

It is the “yungling” of the woods and hills  
And, in the spring, when gorges overflow,  
The merry chatter of its water fills  
The wooded lands and villages below.  
For then it capers on the wheels of mills  
And swings from side to side, and to and fro  
Adown its banks and in among its rocks  
And in a gay refrain the cypress mocks.

The sweet, melodious banter of its song  
Arouses from their sleep the somber trees  
Who lean to guard it with their branches strong  
From burning sunlight or the boisterous breeze,  
And as it wends its babbling way along  
Stand in a still content and happy ease  
As parents do who with indulgence see  
Their boys leap past them happy to be free.

## THE AWAKENING

Again I hear a robin call  
His ringing reveille to spring  
And just beyond my garden wall  
The bobolinks are on the wing.

The hawthorn buds begin to trace  
In matchless forms of leaf and flower  
Their virgin shadows — fine as lace  
Upon the ground in quivering power.

The scent of hidden violets  
Is wafted to me from the hill,  
And, in a moment, one forgets  
The winter's desolating chill.

The lark has risen to midair  
And sings from out that dizzy height  
As thro' he sees — while poising there  
The spring's approach in warmth and light.

For him the message of the seer —  
For him the high, unclouded view,  
A prophet of the changing year  
Watching from out that vault of blue.

The air blows soft across the land  
Bringing a moist and earthy breath  
And mosses, roots and ferns expand,  
For life again has conquered death.

## FOREBODING

When all the land is bathed in light  
    Long streamers from the western sky,  
The herald of the coming night  
    Along the mountain slie.

And, as the color fades away  
    From out the sunset's ruddy gold  
A phantom shadow-glow of day  
    Arises clear and cold.

Then from the circle of the hills  
    Is borne a cool and mystic breath  
And all the warmth of summer thrills  
    With whisperings of death.

## ASTIR

There is something new in the nation, east and  
south and west,  
A spirit of civic-freedom which does not halt or  
rest,  
It has roused the sleeping conscience of multi-  
tudes of men,  
It has whispered to our statesmen again and yet  
again.  
But the hour is fast approaching when the  
dullest must awake  
To hear the new voice speaking — To see the  
new day break.  
Woe to the latest sleepers—Woe to our enemies  
Here in American highways or there across the  
seas.  
For their doom will come upon them swift and  
sudden and strong  
The doom which a quickened people shall mete  
to them ere long.  
No more the slogan of party rings with its old-  
time power,  
The docile ranks of the voters are thinning hour  
by hour,  
For Freedom speaks among them, and listening  
to her voice  
They hear that nobler watchword which makes  
a world rejoice.

Away with our civic bondage, away with our  
blind content,  
With ignorance and selfishness and venal better-  
ment.  
Stand by the men who aid us to win in the nearing  
strife  
They are the sons of Freedom. They know of  
the deeper life.  
For astir — astir in the nation and listened to  
at last,  
Is the voice that called our patriot sires from out  
our mighty past.  
It called and they responded — Shall we not  
also rise  
And answer to the summons ere our great  
moment dies?

## NATURE IN THE MOUNTAINS

She plays upon the organ stops of life  
When, gathered in the foldings of the hills,  
Her children breathe the purer mountain air  
And wake to see her great simplicities.  
The over-stress of modern life is gone.  
Behold us now — aware — alive — alert,  
Touched by her murmurs in the brook,  
Her solemn thunders on the mountain slope.

Each day reveals her in a nobler way  
To our starved senses. And these summer  
    nights,  
All throbbing with the mighty planet lights  
And glancing radiance of the silver moon,  
Clothe us anew in all primeval joys.  
High nature in the mountains of the world  
Instructs in clarion tones serene and sweet,  
And we—her children—see her face to face.

## CRIES OF THE PEOPLE

### I

O God, they've taken my baby away,  
While I slept they took my new-born son!  
Quick—bring him back or I'll rise from the bed.  
What? "He smothered to death in this room?"  
He's dead! My boy! That cannot be.  
I've got to have him—see—woman—see,  
I live in this room, then why can't he?  
The doctor said that "the poisoned air of this  
dreadful place has killed the child."  
Why, you'll set me mad, you'll set me wild.  
Don't I know it's bad, but where can we go?  
Poor folk have got to pay high for fresh air,  
So an air-shaft window must do for us.  
O give me my baby —I love him so.  
He cannot be dead! I'll call to the rich  
And beg them to help me keep it alive.  
I'll call and cry—"O give us air,  
God's air, to make our children thrive,  
Our little ones we love so well,  
Our little ones who make the home,  
They're all we poor folk have to love,  
Without them we may go to hell.  
Listen and heed, O heed my cry,  
A dying mother calls to you."  
I will not live without my boy,  
His cold mouth feel I at my breast,  
His heavy head upon my arm.  
Give us air — O give us air!



## II

Who comes there thro' the dismal hall?  
A stealthy step—a sudden spring,  
And down goes the lodger across the way.  
Some one is there in the dark with him  
Crushing his life out in deadly hate,  
Ho—the police! Quick, help, O help!  
Look! on that grimy, rotting floor  
They struggle and swing from side to side  
And no one comes, for no one cares.  
I'll catch them there in spite of the dark,  
The slippery floor and narrow space.  
Hold, man, hold—you shall not kill!  
Stop! —don't throw that knife at me!  
God! I'm struck—I'm down—I'm dead!

## III

We men stand watching the wealthy pass  
In their carriages, satin-lined.  
We men take note of this "upper class"  
And bear then well in mind.

We think we know their selfishness  
Which shuts them from mankind,  
We never touch them in life's press,  
They are shadows, deaf and blind.

They are shadows, useless, ugly and vast,  
The goblins of this age,  
Their palaces, cars and yachts we cast  
In the scales with our rising rage.

We turn to our wives and our little ones,  
All poorly clad and fed;  
We see the labor of our sons,  
And it maddens the heart and head.

Oh who will help us at our need  
Oh who will hear our cry  
Oh who will collar their reckless greed  
Before our children die?

We live in crowded tenements;  
They are fire-traps, each and all —  
And the heartless men who fix our rents  
May grind us to the wall.

The law allows this fearfull curse  
To drag the people down,  
The law sees only the open purse,  
And hears us with a frown.

Justice, Justice is our claim,  
The courts should hear us speak,  
We men can show who is to blame  
For the sufferings of the weak.

Ye selfish, idle millionaires,  
Come, see us, where we live,  
Look at our loved ones he who dares  
And then refuse to give!

No charity we ask of you —  
No careless or grudging dole,  
But the chance for us to rise and do  
And for you, the chance of a soul.

#### IV

Isn't it nice to see the sky  
And the birds that fly past one by one,  
And the smoke that dances and whirls and curls,  
And clouds that run away with the sun?  
I lie on my bed while mother's away  
And every day she goes to work  
At washing or scrubbing or what she can find,  
For I'm an incurable, so they say  
At the children's hospital where I was;  
But mother — she says — "Never mind, my boy,  
We've got a window — so don't you care,  
And when your back hurts just say a prayer  
For all those children who have no share  
In a window open to God's air."

My baby that was is a young woman now  
Full sixteen years come Easter eve —  
And I -- who was born of good, clean folk  
Must see her walking the streets by day  
Ad trailing and creeping about in the night!  
Our one room holds a family of eight,  
And we have to live in this little pen,  
For we haven't money to live like men.  
By heaven — I'll kill her when she comes in!  
Better to send her out of a world  
That takes no heed for her body or soul  
If that soul and body belong to sin,  
Yet, oh my girl, is it all your fault?  
Men may say yes — but God will say no.

# LINES ON GUIDO RENI'S BEATRICE CENCI

*(In the Barberini Palace, Rome)*

Ah, look and see her  
 Resting there so pale and still,  
 No fluttering stir  
 Of pulse awakes that slumbering will  
 From dreams of what it must fulfil.

So young she seems,  
 With lips half parted like a child  
 Who, smiling, dreams,  
 Yet in her eyes a shadow wild  
 Reveals a soul unreconciled.

Dark, deadly fears  
 Have clouded all her sunny face.  
 No soothing tears  
 Can the long tragedy displace  
 And give her back life's early grace.

An image fair  
 Of melancholy without hope!  
 Pictured despair —  
 Which only can in darkness grope  
 Along hell's narrow, crumbling slope.

That purest brow  
Speaks without words to you and me,  
We know her now —  
Thou truest maid enslaved yet free  
We lift our prayers to heaven for thee!

## THE CHANT OF A FRIGATE

Hark! I hear my timbers straining  
As I slowly rise and fall,  
And my sagging masts complaining  
As they loom there, dark and tall.

I seem only fit for selling  
As I lie here — gaunt and old,  
Yet in memory I am dwelling  
With those war-dogs — fierce and bold.

I can see them in the offing  
Cleared and ready for the fight,  
And their maddened sailors scoffing  
As I raked them, day and night.

How we fought them needs brave telling,  
Stilled their forts and closed their trade,  
Then — our blackened jackies yelling  
Louder than the cannonade!

For they see our “colors” rising —  
And our Navy pennant wave  
Mighty symbols signalizing  
Freedom for the helpless slave.

But my thoughts are forward flying  
Now, in peace, I see us sail  
Where the Cornwell gulls are crying  
Their shrill challenge to the gale.

Thro' those stormy waters sweeping  
I float onward, 'mid applause,  
Flags saluting — cannon keeping  
Up a welcome without pause.

To my deck I see them coming  
Men of rank and highest fame,  
And their words of praise go humming  
Thro' my proudly quivering frame.

Ladies fair my men are meeting  
Kings and queens have traveled far  
Just to see and give me greeting,  
Just to note each honored scar.

Past those dreams — I feel like fading,  
And the end looms into view,  
Old and feebly retrograding  
Without officers or crew!

Oh, that fire would set me blazing,—  
As a beacon in the night,  
And the landsmen dully gazing  
Wonder at the glorious sight!

Not as merchant vessel ending  
My long life upon the sea —  
But from keel to mast ascending  
As a flame — untamed and free!



## ETERNAL LOVE

Thro' the pure and awful heavens breathes  
a breath, a murmur vast,  
Spreading dreamlike in the silence thro' the eons  
of the past.  
Reaching forward to the future far beyond the  
lines of time,  
Streaming in upon the human as a soft, half-  
whispered chime.

As a breath too close for knowledge — as a voice  
too great to hear,  
Falling like the softest zephyr, rising thro' us  
loud and clear.  
Sweeping with a master's power all the chords  
of human life  
Till the magic of that music maddens us to  
deadliest strife.

Loud we rage, we weep, we suffer, crying, calling  
to be heard.  
While above our pain, the music surges softly  
word on word.  
When at last we cease our raging, sink into a  
stillness deep.  
Then, in peace, we hear the music, watch the  
others storm and weep.

And a hope is born within us — faint as perfume  
of the spring,  
That the meaning of that music takes from life  
its bitter sting.  
For the music speaks a language listening ears  
may understand,  
And in listening to it's beauty, life with love,  
walks hand in hand.

And the knowledge sinks and deepens, and the  
vision clearer grows  
That the masterful musician — He it is who loves  
and knows.  
He it is whose endless patience sighing thro'  
humanity  
Woos us from our petty sadness — leads us out  
to liberty.

## THE CHOICE

Place: A Studio in New York.

Time: The Present.

Characters: Hugo Manning, Helen Van Amberg.

*Hugo:* —

This studio with all its sweep of light,  
Its harmonies of color,— its repose  
And most of all — its tone of self-restraint —  
All make me feel your values, oh, my friend.

That latest canvas,— may I look at it?  
And will you tell me in your own swift way  
Your reasons for this panel of delight,  
This brimming picture of the wine of life?

*Helen:* —

That panel will be sent a week from now  
To stand in competition for the place  
So coveted,— so sought for by us all.  
I mean by mural workers — East and West,  
Whose strong designs and ampler modes of art  
Are drawing up this country's art ideals  
To take a place of dignity and worth  
Among the older nations of the world.

Forgive me — I will not again digress,  
Yet you must have some patience as I show  
By slower method than my usual way  
A fuller reason why I thus compete  
For this unique and brilliant place of fame.  
Have I your interest then my friend of friends  
In speaking,— or are you in haste today?

*Hugo:* —

Never in haste when that same friendly voice  
Will deign to hold me captive by its spell:  
And — truly, this same subject that you treat  
Has often puzzled those who know you well,  
You — who are looked upon as fortune's child,—  
With not a wish ungranted — says the world:  
This splendid studio a toy would seem,—  
But for that steadiness of earnest work  
Accomplished during these eight busy years  
Which now I feel you mean to top and crown  
By this design of spacious panelling.  
Come — tell me — truest artist that you are,  
Why have you entered at the public mart  
Of this state building's test for these designs,—  
The best of which,—the keen Committee says  
Shall line the walls of their new Capitol?  
Need you wait as smaller mortals must  
The cold, unbending judgment of these men?

*Helen:* —

Ah! once — but once — if only once to stand  
Quite free and separate from all my past.  
To be myself,—to rise or fall by that  
Would compensate for all those unreal hours,  
Those bitter moments of my happy life  
When I have known defeat thro' compliment,  
Diaster to my highest hopes, thro' love  
And awful ennui, bleak and burdensome,  
Forever stalking thro' my formal days!

Here comes my chancel — the way of my escape,  
They see my work,— they know not whose it is,  
They judge it good or bad,— no favors shown.

*Hugo: —*

Ah,— now I read you, as it were ,anew!

*Helen: —*

Well,— turn then to my picture here at hand;  
Do you, my keenest friend,— see what it is?  
Have I too vaguely or too plainly shown  
My meaning? Painted in my atmosphere  
Too clearly or too subtly do you think?

*Hugo: —*

I see no flaw — the wonder is alive,  
Sweeps out beyond the canvas to my soul  
And lifts me in a whirling maze of joy —  
To life's most perfect bubble of delight.

. . . . .  
Yet there's a figure which is not complete —  
And there—that branch needs still a shade or two  
To make it seem to tremble 'gainst the wall  
As tho' it felt the wind among its leaves  
And heard the whisper of its wandering love.  
The pane, is not pictured panel now  
But seems a meadow into which I step  
A living,— glowing land surcharged with light.  
Am I not right? You show unshadowed life?

*Helen: —*

Yes, you are right. Your heart beats with your  
brain.

I felt it good to speak one pictured word  
Of joy, unchecked joy, as life should be.  
And now a respite from our deeper selves.  
My carriage waits to take me to the Park.  
Come with me — all the spring attends us there.

*Hugo: —*

Your pleasure is my deeper happiness.  
I gladly follow you — yet may I beg  
That soon you visit a poor studio  
In which there works a strong competitor  
For this same highly valued mural prize  
Which you yourself will sure win from him.  
His panel seems the opposite of yours —  
Will you not care to go with me today?

*Helen: —*

Yes, we can go this idle afternoon,  
And afterward the winding avenues,  
The greening vistas of our Central Park  
Which, in a little space, has lengthened out  
Its varied landscape as with magic wand  
And doubles, trebles every foot of ground  
With sweet variety and wizard charm.

## PART SECOND

Time: A week later.

Place: The Same Studio.

*Helen Van Amberg alone before her picture: —*

Yes, I have to face the fact at last.  
All week my thought has hovered like a bird  
Above the changing sea of circumstance,  
Afraid to venture landward till the gale  
Of my wild wishes had been lulled to rest  
By something which is stronger than my will  
Yet seems so effortless, so still — so deep.

Well — Come now. I must swiftly search my  
heart.

On Thursday last — a week ago today —  
I went to see that artist's studio —  
I mean the panel that he worked upon.  
He was not there — the picture filled the room  
Or so it seemed at least. And all was dark  
Save where the light upon the canvas fell  
And showed the suffering and the majesty  
Of every figure — every shadowed face.  
The landscape — very somberly exprest —  
But added to the tragedy and gloom  
And vital truth of that supreme despair  
Which radiated from that thing of life.

I stood amazed, bewildered, overcome.  
Then turning, left the room in sudden haste.  
My friend beside me wondered but obeyed.

Nor could I tell him of that strange unrest  
Which rose within me — a resistless tide  
Engulfing all my argosies of youth  
And strewing them in blind impartial waste  
Upon a treacherously smiling sea  
Which drew them under with a careless ease  
And swiftmess, as tho' things of little worth,  
While I standing, watching from the shore  
Have questioningly wondered — "Is it so?"  
"Have they no value — no reality?  
Or have I lost the best that life can give  
And now stand bankrupt to my very soul!"  
I know not — but at least one point seems clear  
Amid the tangle of my inmost thought,  
And steadily progressing towards that light  
From day to day I have moved on till now  
I see the road before me opening straight  
And slowly find myself upon the way —

My panel — ah! I see it with new eyes.  
The other panel is the better one.  
The world is not yet ready for that joy,  
Which calls so clearly from my canvas here.  
Deep pain and grief and bitter sadness haunt  
The ways of men, and yet there is no strength  
To lift the burdens—push them from the world  
And clothe and comfort and again lift up  
The naked, beaten souls of every land.



Therefore his picture is the truer one —  
His message rouses even sluggish hearts  
And makes them start from out their sordid  
dreams

To feel the pulse of a united life  
When fallen sisters drag the purest down.  
When evil brothers chain the minds of men,  
When suffering children reach the happy ones,  
We are one body — we — the race of men.  
I therefore draw my knife across my work  
Obliterating all that sunlit space  
In favor of the panel which I know  
Will, after mine, receive the foremost place.

## BETWEEN SLEEP AND DEATH

Within the shadows of a winter night  
I lay in sleep — in free, unguarded sleep.  
The portals of my spirit closed from sight  
Yet open to a region where we keep  
Our visions — dreams — impressions of delight  
Or fearsome instincts terrible and deep.  
And, as I slept, I felt a catch, a breath  
And then a sudden sinking to the state of death.

I lay entranced — afraid to move or think,  
Until from inner depths the wish arose  
To feel, to see, to piece things link by link,  
To watch the earthly drama to its close,  
To catch one tone of love before I sink  
And lose myself in death's untried repose.  
But, as I moved — before me banks of cloud  
Rolled white and vast and clothed me in a  
shroud.

A blinding impulse stirred me thro' and thro'  
It was not fear — nor joy akin to awe,  
But rather that my soul one instant knew  
The deathless power of almighty law.  
And then reflection gradually grew  
Within my thought — until I felt — I saw  
The reasons for our constant storm and stress,  
Our blind desires and quick forgetfulness.

And thus I stood uncertain of my way,  
And dreading yet desiring to be gone,  
I saw the earth beneath me, where it lay  
A dim and shadowy sphere against the dawn.  
The pallid dawn whose faint outlines of gray  
Like veils across the hemisphere were drawn,  
As if the very heavens were but a dream,  
With only Spirit conscious and supreme.

Within me rose a tide of bitter gloom —  
For all my life seemed fatuous and vain,  
And I — an idler at that mighty loom  
Wherein is spun a fair and mystic skein  
Which guides us from the cradle to the tomb,  
And by whose silken strength at last we gain  
The farther side of death's relentless sea  
Spent and alone — but passionless and free.

. . . . .

Again I looked, and saw down dropping low  
That shrouding bank of cloud about we sweep,  
And I in eddyng circles drifting slow  
Regained the meadow-land of mortal sleep.  
Then came a pause, and then a warmth — a  
glow,  
My strength flowed in upon me strong and  
deep.  
The walls of earthly life had interposed  
And all my spirit's portals gently closed.





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